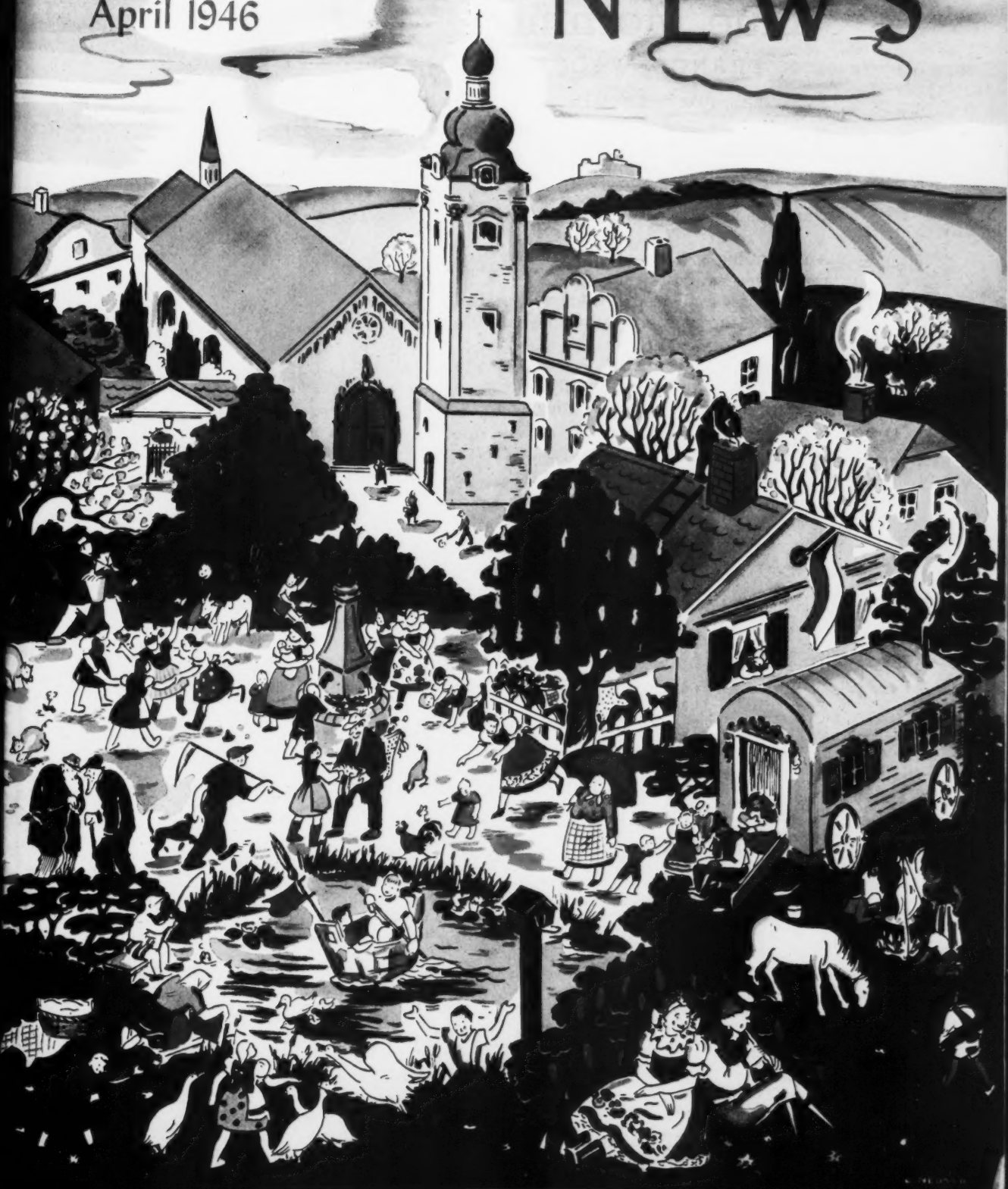


# American Junior Red Cross

April 1946

# NEWS



# Blue Morning

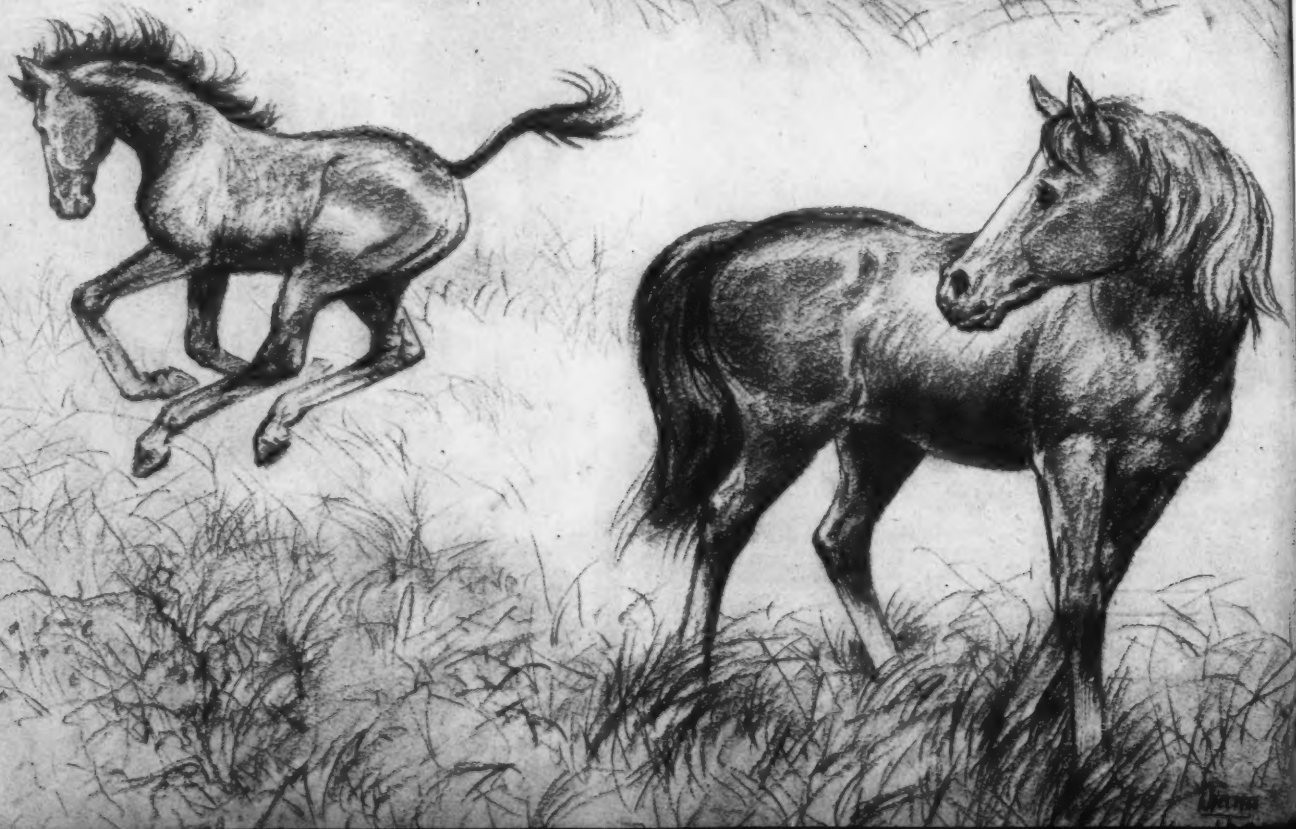
FRANCES FROST

Illustration by Diana Thorne

I saw a mare in a windy field  
running in the infant grass  
where soon would lift a daisy yield  
while the meadowlarks sang past.

And running at her sorrel side  
went a young and sorrel colt.  
They paused and stood in wild sweet pride.  
I watched the awkward young one bolt.

He flung his mane against the sun;  
his mother whinnied, let him fly:  
of earth and wind was born this one  
blown beautiful upon the sky.



# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I • April • 1946

## Mexican Masquerade

JANET BOWER

MEXICO is a riot of color against a somber and majestic background. Its flowers and birds flame against towering mountains; the costumes and dances of its people flash through ancient villages and towns.

It is a land of contrasts, a hodgepodge of old and new. Four-hundred-year-old cathedrals seem young beside the ruins of ancient Indian temples; the modern highways are traveled both by burros and by cars. Dances that were old when the Spaniards conquered Mexico are still performed, nowadays in honor of Christian saints.

Each town has its patron saint, and on that saint's day it is customary to have a fiesta. While worshippers kneel in the church, the streets are filled with dancing and singing. Masks and carnival dress, mixed with the colorful native costumes, glitter in the light of spurting fireworks and make the whole scene a kaleidoscope of perpetual motion.

The Mexican Indians weave the cloth they wear and make up beautiful designs of many colors to embroider on their skirts, blouses, and shawls. They create jewelry out of metal, especially silver, and semi-precious stones such as jade.

There are differences in costume for different tribes and different regions of Mexico. Most of these differences show up among the women, for the men of almost every tribe in Mexico wear loose white trousers with a white shirt, the shirttails pulled around and knotted in front. With this they wear a

scarf around their neck and a straw hat.

Among the women the variations sometimes are most marked in the headdress; at other times they show up in the style of the dress itself, often merely by the differences of design used in decorating the low-cut blouse and full skirt worn almost everywhere.

Among the dances that have come down from the ancient Indian civilization is the Deer Dance. In it the dancers act out the part of a deer, and coyotes and buzzards. The coyotes and buzzards plot to outwit the deer who, though swift, tires more easily. The first dancer enters the circle with his head held high like a deer in the woods. He pretends to drink at a pool, to rub against a tree, and to nibble at food. The other dancers follow him into the ring and pick up his trail, following his course to the pool and the tree. Then the coyotes begin to chase him and the buzzards flap their wings to make him run faster. There is no end to this dance. Since the dancers often dance all night, they merely drop to the ground when they have had enough, and begin all over again a little later.

The Feather Dance of Oaxaca (Wah-hah'-kah) tells the story of the conquest of the Aztecs under their emperor Montezuma. It is famous for the enormous headdress made of brilliantly colored feathers sometimes almost as tall as a man himself. In this dance, the Aztecs, represented by the dancers in feathered headdress, face the Spaniards dressed in military uniform. At one point in the

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At left, Mérida depicts the Dance of the Malinches. Right: Carnival in Huixquilucan. Below: Indians of the State of Chiapas

*Mérida's original drawings are in full color. It was not possible to reproduce them exactly since we could use only red and blue in this issue.*



dance the Aztec warriors lay down their spears, and Montezuma dances over them. Returning, he picks up each spear as he dances and hands it to its owner, arming his men to fight. Then comes the bargaining between Montezuma and Cortez and the final capture of the emperor by the Spaniards. Finally the Aztec warriors give up, one by one, each taking off his headdress and allowing himself to be chained. Pushed by the conqueror, each Indian backs weeping from the circle, and the dance is ended.

All of these things are best seen during carnival, or fiesta, time in Mexico—and remember that can be any day in the year, depending on the town you are in. The rest of the year the towns are quiet and sleepy.

Recently an artist has come along who loves Mexico and its people, and who likes to paint its gay dances and bright costumes. He is Carlos Mérida (May'-ree-dah), and he knows the Indians very well because he is one himself. He was born next door to Mexico in Guatemala. His paintings show the influence of his Mayan ancestors, for though he has spent years in Paris and other parts of the world, he has always kept his native land in



his heart, and he uses ancient Mayan symbols and forms in his paintings.

Mérida, as an Indian, knows and understands the Mexican and Guatemalan Indians. As an artist he has been able to put on paper all the gorgeous colors of the native dress and the brilliant hues of the carnival. And he can catch the motions of their dances as well. All these he has gathered together in four portfolios of

paintings: *Dances of Mexico*, *Mexican Costume*, *Carnival in Mexico*, and *Regional Costumes of Mexico*.

Some years ago, Carlos Mérida was made Director of the School of the Dance of the Ministry of Public Education in Mexico City, and his portfolio, *Dances of Mexico*, was done as a result of his studies of the dances of the Mexican Indians.

A glance at the titles in the two portfolios of Mexican costumes reveals some tongue-twisting words. For instance, the Tarahumares (Tah-rah-hoo-mah'-race) of Chihuahua (Chi-wah'-wah), which are fun to pronounce once you learn how. In these two portfolios, Mérida presents the different costumes of the many tribes that live in Mexico. One print shows a woman in a short-sleeved kimono-like gown. She wears the oddest



headdress in all Mexico—her hair is combed with a substance taken from the seeds of a tropical fruit to make it very shiny and black. Then she parts it and winds it around her head, braiding into it a roll of black or blue yarn three yards long. This headdress often lasts six months and serves its wearer as a pillow!

Besides these portfolios about Mexico, Carlos Mérida has published two sets of pictures about his native land. One is called *Images of Guatemala* and the other *Estampas del Popol Vuh* (Es-tahm'-pahs del Poh-pohl-Voo). The latter is a set of illustrations for the Mayan legends of the creator gods, who have only to say "Earth," and the earth is formed. Then these gods make mountains, plants, birds and animals, giving each its place in the world. Since the animals and birds are unable to praise them, the gods create man. But the first men, made of mud, are a failure, so the gods try men of wood. These, too, are a failure and the gods send a flood to destroy them. Monkeys are said to be the descendants of the few wooden men who survived. Finally the gods make four men of corn—

the flesh of the yellow and white grains, the arms and legs made of the cobs themselves. These new men are intelligent and praise the gods. However, since they know as much as their creators, the gods cover their eyes with cloth, "like breath covers the surface of a mirror," so that their eyes become clouded and they can see only the things in the world that are near them.

These legends were written down early in the sixteenth century by a native who had learned to write his own language in European characters. The manuscript was later found and translated into Spanish. It was a lucky chance that the book was preserved and translated instead of being seized and burned because it was pagan. It is now one of the few sources of knowledge concerning the legendary traditions and religion of the Maya Indians.

In his Mexican costume prints, Mérida shows the Indian's deep-rooted love of beauty; he catches the beating of primitive drums in the dances, and the wild fantasy of the fiesta in his carnival scenes. They now lie between the covers of his portfolios to delight both those who have seen and those who have not seen all this for themselves.

*Junior Red Cross members, why don't you present a Mexican festival on Pan American Day?*



Here are three of Carlos Mérida's prints. Above: Hueyapan Indian women of Puebla. Left: Dance of Santiago. Right: Dance of the Birds





W. BRYANT TERRELL

The little rabbit sat bright-eyed in his downy nest

**A**T FIRST the day had been a happy one for all the little animals. The warm sun slanted its rays between the smooth trunks of the beech trees and the shaggy ones of the pine trees. The blossoms of the mountain laurel shone like stars among the glossy green leaves.

The little rabbit sat bright-eyed in his downy nest under a roof of ferns. He thought it would be a good day to set out to see the world. His four brothers and sisters had already left home and were taking care of themselves. He stretched his long hind legs. Before he knew it, he, too, was out of the nest and hopping down the little path that his mother had made coming to the nest.

He found a patch of clover and began to nibble at the leaves. He had nosed halfway around the patch when, suddenly, he almost bumped into two other animals. The woodchucks were hungry, too. They had spent the winter asleep in their underground burrow without any food at all. Now they were busy stuffing themselves.

The rabbit was so surprised to see the woodchucks that he leaped into the air and plunged into some tall grass near by. Then he was more frightened than ever, for there was a quick flutter of wings and something brushed against his cheek. A mottled brown



W. J. SCHOONMAKER

The woodchucks were hungry too

bird gathered his long hind legs under him and gave a large leap for so small an animal. He landed right in the center of the daisies.

"Wheeu," came a startled whistle.

"Eek," squealed the little rabbit. A fawn had raised her long neck and was looking at him with large, frightened eyes. A handsome buck near by raised his antlers high, while the mother deer leaped out of the woods and thrust her head through the daisies. When she saw what had frightened the fawn, she gave a sigh of relief. But suddenly the harsh cry of a bluejay sounded a warning.

The rabbit pricked up his ears. The mother

## The End of a Happy Day

MARGARET WARING BUCK

Pictures Courtesy of Nature Magazine

bird with an owl-like face peered at him from a branch overhead.

The little rabbit looked up at the mother quail. Then he looked down at the grass by his feet. There, carefully hidden, was a nest with twelve tiny chicks. He had nearly jumped into the middle of it. No wonder the mother quail was excited.

The little rabbit backed softly away and hopped along until he came to a grove of maple trees.

Overhead a speckle-breasted brown thrush was singing. The mother thrush was sitting on four blue-green eggs in the nest near by.

From the tip of a swaying branch the nest of the orioles hung like a basket. The gay orange-and-black father bird flashed through the trees like a ray of sunlight.

The rabbit was so busy listening to the birds and looking up at the trees as he bounded along that he hardly noticed where he was going. He leaped out of the woods into a little meadow.

At one side of the meadow there was a clump of daisies and ferns. It seemed to have a hollow at the center. The little rabbit

deer leaped to a high rock where she could see across the meadow. In the distance she spied moving forms. When they came a little closer, she saw that they were some human children and grown-ups.

The bluejay flew after the children. He scolded when they stopped at the edge of the meadow where it joined the woods. He scolded when they began to gather dry branches and twigs and heaped them into a pile. If he had known what was to come, he would have scolded even louder and longer.



The mother thrush had a nest near by with four blue-green eggs in it

was falling. Then one of them happened to look up at the sky. "Hurry," he called, "it's nearly dark!"

Hastily they collected their things. They raked the campfire apart and stamped on some of the embers. But they were in too much of a hurry to wait to put out all of the sparks.

The mother deer went back to the fawn and the rabbit. The little animals stretched and stood up. The birds tuned up for their evening song. For a little while it was peaceful.

Then there was a strange crackling sound. It crept along the ground among the dry leaves. It spread through the underbrush. It filled the animals with fear.

Soon they saw tongues of flame licking at the trunks of trees. A gray cloud of smoke began to curl around the trees.

The mother deer called to the fawn and the three deer bounded off through the woods.

The rabbit tried to follow. The smoke got into his eyes and made it hard to see where he was going. It got into his throat and made it hard to breathe.

The smoke reached up to the tops of the trees, and the birds flew off their nests. But the mother quail refused to leave her chicks

(Continued on page 162)



There, carefully hidden in the grass, was a nest with twelve tiny chicks

The mother deer jumped down from the rock and slipped behind a tree. The little fawn and the little rabbit crouched motionless in the tall grass. They watched the children light the pile of twigs. A spurt of flame burst out. The deer gave a start of alarm.

Soon the people had a blazing campfire. They sat around it talking and shouting. The little rabbit heard their eager voices and gay laughter. It was a merry sound, but he felt uneasy, and shivered.

The blaze of the campfire lighted the meadow and the woods around it so that the people didn't notice at first how fast the dark

The fawn gave a start of alarm



W. J. SCHOONMAKER





SONIA OBRDLIK

Decoration by Lilian Neuner

WHEN Jan woke up one morning, he realized that there was something new in the air. The heavy snows which had covered the ground were thawing. Later in the day he discovered behind the barn a piece of land where there was no snow at all, and he almost held his breath at the sight of freshly growing grass. But of course he knew what it was: spring was coming at last! He took a deep breath, his eyes brightened, and his heart was filled with joy at the wonderful miracle Mother Nature performs each year.

Jan felt that he was quite a young man now; he was almost eleven. He thought to himself, Easter will be coming soon. The idea seized on his imagination; he remembered what had happened last year, when, for the first time in his life, he had been accepted into the group of his older comrades and had taken part in the Easter celebrations. Although Easter this year was still far distant, almost two whole weeks, Jan knew he and his pals had to make preparations for it. So did their sisters.

That day Jan showed up at home just long enough to cut a big slice of fragrant raisin bread, and then he was off again. He whistled for his friends, and the whole group disappeared into the field leading to the nearest brook where willows grew. Each of the boys cut a lot of the longest and thinnest twigs, and then selected the twelve most even ones. Helping each other, the boys braided the twigs into whips, which they decorated on both ends with red ribbons. Just to be sure in case one got lost, each boy made himself at least two whips, for use on Easter Monday when the boys are allowed to give whippings to all the girls they know, small or grown-up! It is believed that if a girl gets a thrashing on Easter Monday she will be healthy the whole year round. As a reward, each boy gets an egg from

every girl, and he does not stop whipping her until he is offered one. Usually some sweets go with the egg.

Jan's sister Mary, as well as all of her girl friends, were therefore busy, too, preparing for Easter Monday. It was lots of fun because they had to do it in secret. Each girl had to have on hand at least two dozen fresh white eggs. The girls painted them in different colors, and after the paint had dried, they inscribed the names of their best boy friends on the nicest ones. Older girls, sometimes with the help of their mothers or aunts, made of Easter eggs a really artistic creation; they decorated them with such rich and colorful national designs as you can see on this page.

At last Easter Monday came. The whole village, after the spring cleaning, was shining. Mary was still in a deep sleep when, suddenly, she woke up, jumped out of bed and quickly pulled on her skirt and blouse. The voices of a group of boys were already resounding in the house. The boys started early, trying to surprise the girls with their whips. Mary's first thought was to run and hide somewhere, but then she decided to just stand there and wait, clutching an egg in each hand and fortified with some more eggs near by. In a moment the boys burst in and Mary dropped to her knees to cover her legs with her skirt. Some of the boys were shy and did not hit hard. But others really knew how to use a whip, and Mary could feel it on her shoulders. Before she caught her breath, another group of boys were in. This went on the whole morning. Only towards noon could the girls relax and move around freely, without being threatened with a new whipping.

The afternoon was a real holiday. Older people went visiting each other to discuss

(Continued on page 162)

# Three Wishes

LAURA BENÉT

Illustrations by Beatrice Tobias

**A**ROUND the French village of Domremy, willow trees and alder bushes stirred with a continual sighing sound of mystery and loneliness. The mists and vapors rising from the river haunted the place like ghosts from another world.

A mile from Domremy was the forest. Here a very old, very large and widespreading beech tree stood, with a fountain near by. This tree was loved by the village people; it was called the Tree of the Saints. As for the fountain, its water was supposed to heal illness. Under this tree, on a spring day in the year 1425, three girls of eleven, twelve and thirteen sprawled happily. Near them, spread out on a handkerchief, were the remains of their lunch of hard-boiled eggs and rolls and fresh milk. The youngest girl was fair with gay and joyous blue eyes; the second was a somewhat frail-looking brunette. The third child was sturdy and stalwart as a mountain pony, though plainer than her companions. Her hair was dark, almost black, her eyes brown and prominent in her face with a far-away look in them. But she was gay, too, for presently, out of sheer good spirits, she leapt to her feet and, calling to her playmates, began to chase them round the tree. Her movements were so swift that she seemed like one flying.

"Hey, ho, Joan, not so fast. I've eaten too well," complained the girl with the blue eyes, little Mengette.

"Ugh, I've stubbed my big toe on one of the Tree's roots. How long do you suppose it has stood here?"

"A long, long time," answered Joan, wiping her forehead and dropping on the welcome grass. "A very long time. Before the Hundred Years' War began—when the folk in France were at peace and happy."

Hauviette, the twelve-year-old, said, "You know so many pretty tales, Joan, that your mother tells you by the fire in the evenings when you're spinning. So do tell us whether the saints find lost things!"

Joan smiled, pondered and looked off into space. For some minutes she was very still, not a muscle of her body moving. Then she answered quietly, "Yes, if you have faith."

"It's my mother's string of beads, now gone for a month or more. She let me have the necklace one evening, and it must have dropped off my neck as I hurried to church. I prize it. So did she, and I got a penance for carelessness—and no supper."

"I think the saints will restore it." Joan's voice was wonderfully sweet and consoling. "What about you, Mengette; have you a wish?"

"Yes, but not for lost things. I wish to be chosen to sing in church at Easter. But my voice has not been as clear lately as it should be. Father frets about it."

"Your voice pleases me." Joan laid her cheek, so brown and red, against her friend's fairer one.

"Now," cried the two, "the saints must certainly grant you a wish, Joan. What is it?"

Joan's head drooped. Again she was sunk in reverie, and her friends could barely hear as she whispered: "I wish to free France."

"Ohé, what a big wish! None but a man might even breathe it!"

"Yet I breathe it." After a moment of dreaming, Joan jumped up, explaining, "I promised Mother to be home by twilight. So let us make our wishes, hang garlands on our dear Tree, drink of the fountain's holy water—and go away."

"In how many days may we return, Joan?"

"Three," said their leader, "three exactly, and at evening so none will see us. After the cows have been driven in."

Gentle rains watered the countryside and made it bloom. In three days every meadow was covered with wild flowers. The brooks ran full of sparkling water. Because of the fine weather and the joy of the blossoming spring, the three comrades forgot the din of of the war—the Hundred Years' War. They forgot the noise of tramping feet, of soldiers marching past their cottages, of ragged followers who ate up their food and plundered their crops, and the unceasing bad news of men killed or wounded. Most of all they forgot that the land had been in the hands of the enemy for five years.

On a bright evening with a sunset alight in the west, the three girls met again at the beech tree.

"Now," said Joan, "first let us circle the tree, be confident and ask for sure tokens of our wishes. You are first, Hauviette."

Hauviette dropped her head slightly and said in faltering tones, "Good saints, I pray you for a token that I find my mother's beads."

Joan interrupted: "Having asked politely, we must search hard." For fifteen minutes they hunted.

Silence, then a scream of joy from Hauviette. "Do you see it?"

"What?"

"On that shrub—the willow bush to my right. Something's hanging."

All three raced, and there, there was the necklace hanging on a twig, forgotten and covered with dust and dew.

Hauviette pressed the precious thing to her and kissed it. "How did you get here?" she murmured, as if a loved friend had just been restored to her.

"You must have left it on the willow."

"I don't remember doing so. But, if this was an accident, we shall know surely next time. Mengette, what about your voice?"

Over their heads a thrush burst into his evening chant, so sure and sweet that it was like a hymn. Mengette began the strains of an old French song, and her voice was clear as water.

The girls listened in rapture. "The saints are generous," cried Hauviette happily. "Now, Joan."

"Show me a sign, Tree," Joan said quietly. "Am I to free France?" But there was no sign.

She waited; they all waited patiently. After they had drunk from the spring near by, the girls sat in a row with closed eyes. Yet no sign came, and they knew they must go home. A church bell began to ring, giving them the hour.

Joan sighed, said a prayer and rose, her playmates beside her. "It is not within the province of the saints to grant my wish," she said sadly. "It may be they have not the power."

That night the friends did not part joyously, and Joan ate almost nothing and slept badly. The next morning Joan could not even swallow her portion of steaming porridge. But she started anyhow to go with her father, Jacques d'Arc, to help with the spring plowing—Joan guided the horses while her father held the plow handles. Today, however, her mother said firmly: "Joan, you are needed to

help me in the house, so your father will spare you from the fields." As mothers will, she had noticed her girl's troubled face and heavy eyes. Besides, Joan's mother missed an elder daughter, Catherine, whom they had lost, and Joan's sewing and spinning were as good as any grown woman's.

Mother and daughter spent a busy morning, scrubbing, scouring, making cheese and butter and turning the spinning wheel. Joan's ready hands and strong back lightened the work. By noon, when the savory soup of potatoes and leeks was heating on the stove, her mother laid a hand on Joan's shoulder. "The sun is warm in the garden, child. Go there and rest before your father and young Jacques come in to dinner."

Joan raced out into the sweet air. Seated on a wooden bench, she let the sun pour over her. The sense of warmth and peace was delicious. No noises disturbed her, and for ten whole minutes she dozed. Then, out of the silence, from the direction of the village church, came a voice, and the place from which it came seemed to shine.

"I come to teach you the way you should go," it said plainly. "Be good, Joan, and God will help you."

Amazed, she sat quiet with bowed head, waiting for further words, but none came. Then her family called her in to dinner.

Joan said nothing of this strange message to her friends, Mengette and Hauviette. After all, it did not answer her great question. Instead she resolved to listen again at the same time and in the same place. Three days later she went into the garden to gather herbs and, seating herself on the bench, closed her eyes. In a few moments she heard the voice say, "Be good, and God will help you."

Now her hope was strong that the message had a meaning. Another whole week went by before she could sit and dream again, her eyes closed and her strong body relaxed, thinking.

It was no vague voice that spoke to her this time, but that of grand St. Michael himself. Being a saint much revered in that part of France, Joan knew him well and recognized him at once. He was dressed as a mighty warrior in armor, and he carried a shining sword. Yes, it was St. Michael standing before her in a circle of flaming light. He said: "St. Catherine and St. Margaret will come to you. Follow their advice, for they are commanded to lead you and advise you."

Some days later on a walk through the woods, St. Catherine and St. Margaret did





"Joan, do tell us whether the saints find lost things!"

come to Joan. St. Catherine was the patron saint of girls, as St. Margaret was of laborers. When they appeared, she knew them and saw with delight that they were dressed as princesses with crowns on their heads. So she curtsied to them, and they returned her curtsy, though she wore only her everyday red fustian skirt with black lines and her straw hat. This was a joyous moment in her life.

"Shall I tell Hauviette and Mengette that I have seen the saints?" Joan pondered. "Though they love me, they might make fun of me."

The day came when she began to see all three of her loved saints often; not only in the garden, but in the woods and at the fountain. Whenever the church bells rang, she heard their voices.

Old Perrin, the parish sexton, was sometimes lazy and would forget to ring the bell for the last service of the day. Joan went in search of him. "Perrin," she said kindly but decidedly, "you have no idea what I am missing by not hearing the tones of that bell. If you will be more faithful about ringing it, I will bring you some fresh cakes." Old Perrin was ashamed and promised he would.

From day to day Joan never neglected her daily work at home and in the fields, but she looked and listened for the voices. Her saints had told her to go often to church, to obey, serve and be kind. But when months had passed, even years, and she was past sixteen, the voices of her saints came to her one day with a firm message: "Daughter," they said, "you must leave your village and go to France."



"What does 'go to France' mean?" Joan whispered to herself. Half aloud she said, "I am *in* France. And I am only a poor girl knowing neither how to ride horseback nor to fight."

She was no longer the healthy romping girl she had been. She had become more and more serious, and did not dance or sing, play with the neighbor children or with girls of her own age. She went so often to church and spoke so much with the Franciscan monks who wandered through the village, that her friends and the villagers made fun of her.

(Continued on page 162)

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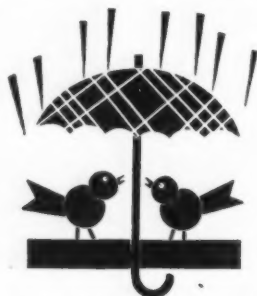
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April

MARILYN CARRINGTON

(Grade 5)

Montowese School

North Haven, Connecticut

Muddy rubbers, dripping coats,  
Rain on the roof-top sings.  
Rain to help our flowers grow.  
That's what April brings.

## Easter Surprise

"EASTER is Red Cross time in the Boston kindergartens, the time when the children plan surprises to make other children happy. Jackie is in the David A. Ellis Kindergarten now, because his eyes are better, but from the time he was a little baby until last fall he lived at the Home for Blind Babies. If you have never heard of this nursery, you will

hear about it soon after meeting Jackie. After the children in our kindergarten made a visit to the nursery, they easily understood Jackie's loyalty to it, and it was natural that they should decide to make Easter gifts for the children there.

"Mrs. Parker, director of the Junior Red Cross, shared their enthusiasm, so the children set to work. They covered a large cracker carton with crepe paper. A soft bunny that the babies could feel was put in the paper grass on top of the box, and colored Easter eggs covered the sides.

"What to put in the box was the question. Jackie knew the babies would like bibs. The children sew best on oilcloth, so we made twenty oilcloth bibs. Some of the babies can see a little, so we pasted a yellow oilcloth bunny, chicken or duck on each bib. This gave a raised surface which could be felt. In the same way books with large felt animal pictures were chosen for the two and three-year-olds; our own kindergartners enjoyed playing a feeling and guessing game with the books before giving them away. A bunny toothbrush and hankie holder was made for each blind toddler to hang on the hook beside his nightie.

"Jackie also suggested that we put in some music. Sonny Boy, a canary, sings all day at the nursery, and records are played at bedtime; so that it was hard to think up something else. Yet we remembered that bells make music, so we made oilcloth bell bracelets for the girls, and hats with bells on them for the little boys. Then, of course, the girls needed hats, so ten hats with raised flowers completed our box. It was packed and ready to go when Norman suggested that the babies really ought to feel our pussywillows. Quickly our kindergarten pussywillows were tucked in the bunny's paws as a finishing touch.

"If the blind babies had as much fun with the Easter box as our children had making it, Easter was what Easter should be—happy."

—Condensed from a letter written by Miss Catherine M. McNance of the David A. Ellis School.

## World Song

SOME years before the first world war, a poem by Ethel Blair Jordan printed in the News was read by Jaroslav Kricka, a Czechoslovak musician. He put the words to music, and the song has been sung by Junior Red Cross members all over the world ever since.

# New World, Old World Music-Maker

KATHERINE BAKELESS

**A**CCORDING to one old folk-fancy of Czechoslovakia, at the birth of every Bohemian baby a silver spoon should be placed near one hand and a fiddle near the other. If he reaches for the spoon, he will grow up to be a rich man—or a thief. If he reaches for the fiddle, he will surely be a musician.

When Antonin Dvorak (dvor'zhahk) was born in a village on the River Moldau some forty-five miles from Prague, he must certainly have reached for the fiddle, for all his life long, music bubbled out of him like water from a spring. His father was the village innkeeper and butcher, as well as one of the village musicians. He taught Antonin to fiddle, and soon the boy was playing for guests and turning over to his father any pennies that came his way.

The father wanted to give his musical boy more opportunity to learn, but, with seven other children to provide for, he was too poor to afford it. Antonin had an uncle, however, who had no children. When he was twelve, he went to live with his uncle. In that town the schoolteacher was also the organist, and he recognized unusual talent and imagination in young Dvorak. The boy learned to play keyboard instruments, and gained some theory of music. His organist-teacher was very anxious to see him go to Prague to study, and the father was only too willing, but he simply could not afford to send the boy. He said Antonin would have to become a butcher; there was no other way. So, at fifteen, there was young Dvorak cutting up meat and doing his best to help the business. When the village wanted an orchestra, he took his place with the viola, his favorite instrument. When his teacher had to be away, Dvorak replaced him at the church organ. He composed, too, but kept that secret to himself.

His old teacher didn't like to see his best pupil being wasted as a butcher and kept harping on the idea of the course in the Organ School in Prague until he won out. The uncle said he'd help. A peasant gave the father and sixteen-year-old son a lift, and away they went to Prague in a haycart.

Then followed years of ups and downs, with an accent on the downs. Antonin lived with an aunt for a while, but she had no piano.



Antonin Dvorak

Then he lived with three other students—four in a room—because in the room there was an old spinet he could play. But it was hard composing in such crowded quarters. The most important thing was the music he heard and played: Beethoven, and the “new” music, which, in those days, meant Schumann and Wagner.

After Dvorak received a certificate from the Organ School, he found a regular place as viola player in an orchestra, where sometimes he could substitute for the conductor. The salary was pitifully small.

All the time, Dvorak composed: symphonies and chamber music. He fell in love and then, naturally, he wrote songs. When the great composer, Smetana, returned to his own homeland, which was then called Bohemia and was a part of Austria-Hungary, there was an awakening in the artistic and literary life of the Czechs. Dvorak tried his hand at writing opera. But many of these compositions served as discipline and exercise only, and he destroyed them. All his life long, whenever Dvorak felt that some of his writings were not worth saving, he was quite capable of burning them up. That takes courage.

Dvorak plugged away at playing, teaching



and composing. When he was thirty-two, after his first success with a patriotic work, "The Heirs of the White Mountain," he was finally permitted to marry a pupil of his with whom he had long been in love. Anna's father had been afraid the young musician could not earn enough to support a wife. The following year came the first operatic success. Then he wrote both serious and comic opera. He finished a one-act opera called "The Pigheaded Peasant" one Christmas Day, but seven years went by before it was produced.

To comfort himself for the loss of a daughter, Dvorak composed in six weeks the "Stabat Mater," which made him known in England. After that, he was often invited there to conduct his works at various concerts. His "Moravian Duets" pleased the great composer, Brahms, so much that he helped the unbusinesslike Dvorak to have them published in Germany. These duets became very popular in Germany, and the Czech composer's reputation spread. The "Slovakian Dances" with their fire and go are perhaps the most famous of all his pieces. They were probably written in the kitchen, for that was where Dvorak liked best to write.

His reputation grew, and living became easier for him. He was able to buy a home in the country, and after that he would never stay in Prague in the summertime. In the country he took great delight in raising pigeons.

The butcher's boy had now become famous in many lands. From across the sea came an invitation to become head of the National Conservatory in New York. He accepted. To him, the salary he was offered seemed a fortune. Before he left his native country, a series of farewell concerts was given in many towns, for Bohemia was proud of her famous son. On our shores, he was greeted by a chorus of three hundred voices, a large orchestra, speeches, a silver wreath, and the singing of "America."

Dvorak was here in the United States three years, but he never felt at home. Even back in the 1890's, New York frightened him, and he was overwhelmed by the generosity of the people. In America, he felt most comfortable in Spillville, Iowa. There was a large settlement of Czechs there, speaking their own language, and trying to make everything seem "like home." There he could stroll around, exchange jokes in his own native tongue, chat with anybody he happened to meet, and look over the pigeons. His fifty-second birthday was celebrated in Spillville

with a feast and the customs of his own land.

He was interested in the music of the Indians and the Negroes. He listened to it eagerly, with an open heart, and it was while he was in Spillville trying to overcome a siege of homesickness that he orchestrated his great symphony, "From the New World." When you hear the first movement you know that Dvorak had heard "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." In the haunting melody of the "Largo," one of the most beautiful solos in all musical literature for the English horn, one knows that Dvorak was thinking of the Negro music.

After his return to his native land from the New World, the nine remaining years of Dvorak's life were a repetition of old triumphs. He composed constantly. As he grew older, he became more interested in opera and he put folk tales and Czech legends into operatic form to please his people, thinking they would understand opera more easily than other musical forms. Apparently he was right, for the Czechs adored these operas. "The Devil and Kate" had no sooner caught on with the public than he was busily writing the next opera. He was made Director of the Prague Conservatory. By sheer pluck and courage and constant hard work the butcher's boy had become Dr. Dvorak.

—From the book, "Story Lives of Great Composers," by Katherine Bakeless, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

## Czechoslovakian Cover

OUR COVER ARTIST this month, Lilian Neuner, spent many happy years in Czechoslovakia. She has therefore tried to put into her cover design some of her memories of springtime there. She recalls that spring was especially the time for gypsies and peddlers to hit the highways and the byways. The gypsies usually offered to mend pots for housewives, and the peddlers brought so many knickknacks for sale that they were regular walking five-and-ten-cent stores. Mrs. Neuner has shown the gypsy and the peddler on the cover carrying on their usual work. There are apple trees and horse chestnuts in bloom, and the women of the village are taking advantage of the balmy weather to wash their linens snowy white. The children herding flocks of geese through the town stop to listen to the gay music and watch the merry dancing going on. Overlooking the whole happy scene is the statue of St. Netomuk, the patron saint of streams and bridges.

# Ideas on the March

## CZECHOSLOVAK CHILDREN



CAN YOU imagine being so anxious to save your shoe leather that you would walk barefoot in the house, leaving your shoes at the door? That is what many boys and girls in Czechoslovakia are doing.

Mr. Melvin A. Glasser, who is a member of the American Red Cross civilian relief staff, recently returned from a trip abroad and brought back many such stories of the way boys and girls and their fathers and mothers are bravely trying to make things do which have worn out during the war.

Junior Red Cross, among other things in Czechoslovakia, is going about the business of rebuilding schools destroyed or damaged in the war. Mr. Glasser spent evening after evening with Junior Red Cross members who wanted to show him what they were doing. He visited their schools and found the boys putting in window panes and making benches on which to sit. The girls were cleaning and scrubbing and doing all that they could to erase the traces of war and get the school buildings ready for use. Mr. Glasser found that they have almost no pencils and paper. In fact, all school supplies are greatly needed.

Czechoslovak officials are anxious to help the children get their Junior Red Cross going again. They remember that before the war the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross was the third largest in the world. These officials urged Mr. Glasser to have the international school correspondence album program start

again as soon as possible. They pointed out that much of their early interest in and their later friendship for the United States was started through school correspondence with the boys and girls of the United States.

Mr. Glasser hopes that the American Junior Red Cross will be able to send knitted bed-socks to keep the children's feet warm at night, as the houses are mostly unheated, the weather very cold and many do not have sufficient bedding. He agrees that one of the best ways to send the much needed school supplies

is to follow our practice of including them in gift boxes.

Although the gifts of the American Junior Red Cross are small compared with the \$2,000,000 that the American Red Cross has set aside for relief in Czechoslovakia, they are just as appreciated and fill a real need.



USIS PHOTO

American Junior Red Cross gift boxes bring smiles to the faces of these young Greeks

## BUNNIES IN BUSINESS



IT WAS a surprise to the pupils of Langley Junior

High, Washington, D. C., to hear the voice of the Easter bunny over the public address system. He announced that for two days before Easter vacation selected children would paint Easter eggs in the lobby of the school. The eggs would sell for ten cents apiece and would be painted while you wait. The children practiced painting designs that could later be duplicated on the eggs.

No bunny ever had better help! Bottles were used to hold the eggs while they dried. Customers stood around waiting at recess and before school. The \$15.70 that was raised was given to the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross.



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE



#### UNTIL TULIPS COME AGAIN

EASTER and tulips seem to belong together in America. During the last few years we have not been able to buy many tulip bulbs because the Dutch haven't been able to send us any. Here is a letter from eleven-year-old Onnie Martins who lives in the land where tulips grow:  
Dear American Friend:

Thank you very much for the many things you did for us. There was much bombing here. The things which you put in our gift boxes are not yet available here, such as a compass. Oh! I am so happy with the things in the package. I wished for it so long. And how sweet smells the soap. I wash myself only on Sunday with it so that I smell sweet; such a delicious soap I have never smelled.

I was so happy with the thread for we do not have any more. It was stolen by the enemy. We were very hungry during the winter 1944-45. Thousands of those who like us ate flower bulbs died. There was nothing left and everything was so sad but now we can be happy again. The Americans and the English made us free again, and the Queen and the whole Royal family are back. But now I must finish and once more thanks.



#### NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

GETTING ACQUAINTED with the Junior Red Cross in other countries is one of the nicest experiences that comes with membership in the organization. Those Junior Red Cross members who have exchanged correspondence albums often gain a sense of nearness to children in other lands, so much so that they probably wish they could meet face to face. Such an exchange of visits may be possible sooner than you think. At present it is already happening for members of the National Headquarters staff of the American Junior Red Cross. For instance, Janet Bower, author of "Mexican Masquerade" in this issue, and member of our American Junior Red Cross publicity staff, recently attended the International Exhibit of Junior Red Cross in the Americas, which was held in Cuba.

The exhibit included displays from Cuba, Uruguay, Canada, Chile, Costa Rica, Peru, Ecuador and the United States.

Miss Bower was shown every courtesy by the officials of Red Cross in Cuba, but her chief delight was in the enthusiasm of the boys and girls of the Junior Red Cross. Some 350 of them had come to Havana from all parts of the Republic for the ceremony and exhibit. To quote Miss Bower, "Children gathered around asking me to see that their schools receive school correspondence albums. They were about sixteen deep on all sides and bursting with eagerness."

The National Headquarters staff of the American Junior Red Cross also had the pleasure of an extended visit from representatives of a number of the Latin American Red Cross societies recently. These friends came to Washington to extend greetings from their countries and to learn more about the way we conduct Red Cross and Junior Red Cross in the United States. Those who came for the conference were Dr. Rodolfo E. Troncoso, Argentina; Mrs. Sara Leme de Siqueira, Brazil; Mr. Alfredo Sasso Robles, Costa Rica; Dr. Carlos Amaya, Nicaragua; and Mr. Carlos Patterson, Panama.



#### SOW AND SEW

IN PLANTING your gardens you might like to consider a suggestion made by the Junior Red Cross of Spokane, Washington. In the spring the children sowed lavender which they harvested in large amounts the next fall. Various members stripped the leaves and seed pods after they had dried. These were used to fill little silk sachet bags which were put into the Junior Red Cross gift boxes the children sent overseas.

The fifth grade of Fayetteville Street School, Asheboro, North Carolina, as a part of their geography and history work, cut each of the forty-eight states from scraps of material, embroidered the name of the state on the proper scrap and arranged and stitched them on a piece of maroon cloth. The name Asheboro was embroidered on the state of North Carolina because the children wanted the name of their home town to be identified with their work.

This large map of the United States made an attractive lap robe, which was sent to a veteran's hospital in a warm climate.



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR  
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS





Drawings on this page, reproduced from a booklet of the French Junior Red Cross, show Junior and Juniorette on a spring outing with their friends, François and Francette

## Junior, Juniorette

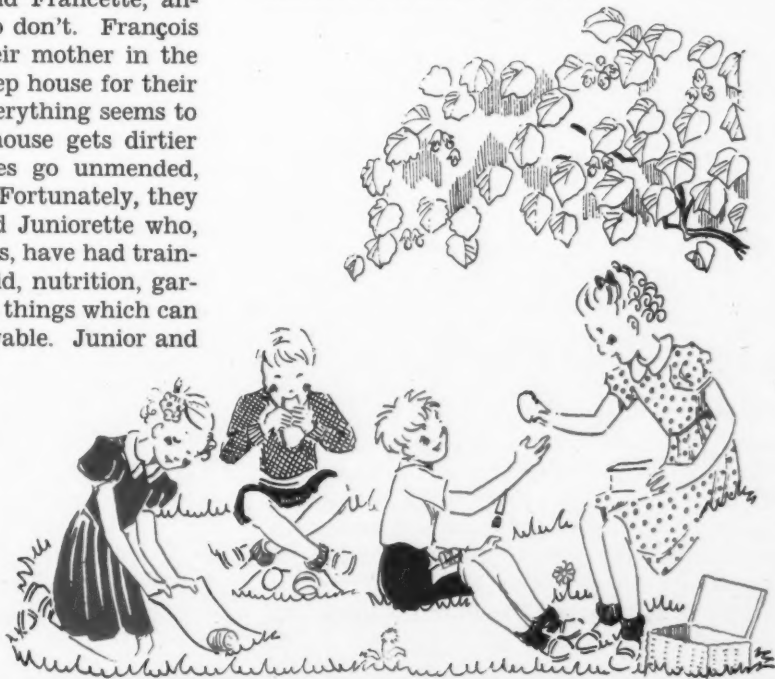
**D**O YOU like to play leapfrog? And go on picnics? If you do, then you can tell from the drawings on this page that French boys and girls like to, too. These drawings are reproduced from a booklet printed by the French Junior Red Cross for its members. The booklet contains other equally nice pictures on almost every page. They illustrate a play in four acts—one for each of the four seasons. There are four main characters in the play—a brother and sister called Junior and Juniorette, who already belong to the French Junior Red Cross, and François and Francette, another boy and his sister who don't. François and Francette have lost their mother in the war, so that they have to keep house for their father as best they can. Everything seems to go wrong for them. The house gets dirtier and uglier, François' clothes go unmended, Francette becomes very ill. Fortunately, they live next door to Junior and Juniorette who, through the Junior Red Cross, have had training in home nursing, first aid, nutrition, gardening, and other important things which can be used to make life more livable. Junior and Juniorette help François and Francette from day to day until they too are able to pass on all the helpful things they have learned to other children in need.

France is, of course, full of children in need, but the wonderful spirit found in Junior and Juniorette

seems to be alive throughout the whole French Junior Red Cross. For instance, right in the midst of the war, French Junior Red Cross members who were not in the part of their country overrun by the enemy sent school correspondence letter booklets to children in the occupied zones, in order to cheer them up. They did more than that—they sent food and clothes when they could.

In Act I of the play about Junior and Juniorette, a little boy falls down on the school playground and skins his knee badly. Junior, who has had a first aid course, knows just what to do and what not to do. Their school boasts a medical chest containing medications and bandages which will prevent the skinned knee from becoming dangerously infected. You will be glad to know that two thousand such medical chests have been supplied from the American Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund to schools in France.

The French Junior Red Cross members have a marvelously stirring song called "Sur La Bonne Route." This means "On the Good Road." We are reproducing it in the April *Junior Red Cross Journal*. Ask a high school member to translate it for you.



## The End of a Happy Day

(Continued from page 151)

in the nest on the ground. She crouched low under the grasses and tried to hide from the flames. But it was not long before they found her.

The squirrels raced through the trees. Some of them managed to keep ahead of the fire. Some were not so lucky. The woodchucks dived into their underground burrow. But the smoke followed them. They never were seen again.

The little rabbit ran and ran until he thought that his heart would burst. At last he came to a rocky cave on the other side of the woods. It was deep and damp. The rabbit plunged into it and fell down panting in a far corner. He was so exhausted that he went to sleep at once.

He didn't awaken until the next day. By then he had forgotten the terror of the night before. He thought only of how hungry he felt. And he hopped outside to look for some green leaves. But there were no green leaves!

The sunlight fell on blackened stumps of trees, on seared grass, on charred ground. There were no birds singing, no squirrels scurrying. The little rabbit had to hop a long way before he found a single blade of grass. He had to hop much farther to find new woods and meadows to live in.

When the children and the grown-ups came back one day to fish in the pond near-by, there were no fish to catch. The pond had been poisoned by the ashes of the forest fire, and all of the fish had been killed.

"Who could have been so careless as to start this awful fire?" said one of the children.

## Easter in Czechoslovakia

(Continued from page 152)

spring work in the fields. The girls got together to share the excitement of the day, while the main village street was full of boys who were counting how many eggs they had gotten. The evening was marked by a reconciliation of the boys and girls.

That is how boys and girls used to celebrate Easter before the war; doubtless the old customs will gaily revive as soon as there are sufficient eggs. This celebration is age-old. It goes back to times immemorial when our distant forefathers were still heathens. Human beings, whole nations, are part of Mother Nature. They can be likened to the grass Jan

saw on the first day when he noticed that spring was coming: although covered with the snow and mud of last autumn, it finds a new life and starts growing again even where nobody would have suspected. In the same way, the children of Czechoslovakia have experienced the cruel and long winter of war. For over seven years they have not seen the sun of liberty. Yet, at last, a new spring has come to their nation. The Easter resurrection this year will mean a great deal to them.

## Three Wishes

(Continued from page 155)

Only Hauviette, nearer to her than anyone, said "Joan, you seem as far away from me as though you were in another town; as though you were leaving us."

Joan wound her arms round her friend and kissed her. "Hauviette darling, I *must* leave you and soon. I must go forth from Domremy, to find out what I am to do for France's king. My wish has been granted by the saints in a way I did not expect. Visions have come to me and words that say, 'Daughter, you must leave your village and take up the banner for the King of Heaven. Take it boldly and God will aid you.' That is what the message says. Hauviette, I must be brave."

"And leave us?"

"What else? I have been told to go."

"Are you sure you saw these visions? We do not see these wonderful saints."

"No, dear Hauviette, you do not. But I do," answered her friend simply. That evening, arm in arm, they visited their favorite spots, the forest, the Tree, the fountain. Hauviette's heart was heavy, but seeing the joy that lighted up her friend's face, she exclaimed: "Your wish has been granted by the good God. But, oh Joan, wishes bring burdens."

"The shoulders are fitted to the burden. I see myself on a large horse, with a banner and soldiers at my back." Joan's voice had never been stronger or sweeter.

"Don't forget us all here in the village when you go to save the king," pleaded Hauviette.

Joan clasped her hand, but she was far, far away. Already she could feel the saddle of a charger, not one of her father's plow horses, pressing against her thighs. Her body was shaken by the strong pounding of his hoofs, while the air was filled with cries. Her right hand held a banner with the lilies of France upon it. She trembled.

"Let us go home now!" she said.

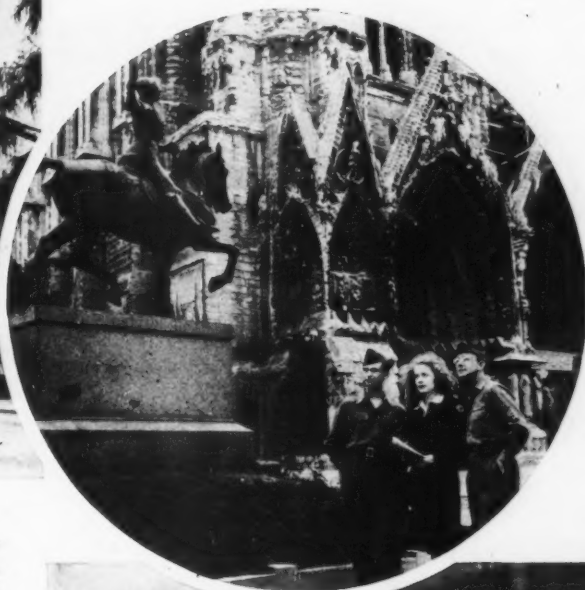
## IN THE LAND OF JOAN OF ARC



Domremy, France: (Above) Tall pines shade the birthplace of Joan of Arc, now a national shrine. In the yard stands a statue of Joan and St. Catherine, who inspired the child to lead the French to victory in 1429



Reims, France: (Below) The statue of Joan of Arc and the famous Reims cathedral make an historic background for these GIs with a Red Cross club worker on a tour in France



La Courneuve, France: Candy sent by the American Junior Red Cross brings delight to these French children shown at left and above. 250,000 packages of candy-coated chocolates were sent to children in Europe and the Philippines last year

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS BY KINGSBURY



# A Harvest from the Sea

Alfred S. Campbell

Pictures by Alexander Key

This is one of the stories from "The Wizard and His Magic Powder" recently published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York



**G**OOD Dame Perron lived with her husband Louis in a little white cottage on the Island of Jersey. This is one of the islands off the south coast of England which are called Channel Islands because they lie in the English Channel. They are close to the coast of France.

Dame Perron always got up very early, but one particular morning the sun had not even risen when she was awakened by a *rat-tat* at the door. "Good gracious!" she grumbled, as she jumped out of bed. "Who can it be at this hour?" She slipped on a dress and stepped into her shoes. By that time there was another, louder *rat-tat-tat*. "Yes, yes, I'm coming," she called, and opened the door. There stood the Wizard. His thinking-cap was hanging over one ear, as if he had put it on in a great hurry.

"Come in, come in," she said. "Whatever brings you here at this hour?"

"Call your husband," ordered the Wiz-

ard, his thinking-cap hanging over one ear

ard, sitting down on a bench. "I have important news for him."

Dame Perron went to the bedroom door. "Louis," she called. "Louis, get up at once! Here is the Wizard with important news for you."

Louis appeared in his night-shirt, sleepily rubbing his eyes. He pulled off his nightcap when he saw the Wizard. "*Bonjour*,

Wizard," he said. "How are you?"

"I bring important news," replied the Wizard solemnly. "First, have you any seaweed?"

"Any *vraic*?" repeated Louis wonderingly, "Why, no. We will need some soon, though, to spread on the fields. It makes the grass grow like anything. But surely, it isn't the day to go down to the sea and cut it!"

"Aha!" exclaimed the Wizard, "I knew you had forgotten. Whatever would you do without me and my thinking-cap? This very day, at eight o'clock, the tide will be the lowest of all the year. But nobody pays any attention to the tides but me. I have to do all the thinking for the whole Island of Jersey."

"So you do, so you do," agreed Dame Perron, who had been blowing up the fire with a pair of bellows. "But here, have a cup of tea with us while we decide what to do." She poured out the strong

tea and spread butter on thick slices of fresh, home-made bread. The Wizard sipped his tea noisily and took a huge bite out of his bread.

"I'll help you," he mumbled with his mouth full. "You'll need me and my thinking-cap today."

Dame Perron nodded. "Good," she said. "Louis, you and the Wizard had better start now. Take your sickles and pitchforks. I'll milk the cow and feed the chickens. Then I'll harness Tonneur, the ox, to the cart, and come down to the beach."

When she was alone, Dame Perron hastily rinsed the teacups, threw some wheat to the chickens and milked the cow. Then she put the milk in pans in the buttery and hurried out to tether the cow in the pasture. "Gracious!" she thought. "Such a lot of work! I haven't even had time to tie my shoelaces yet."

The ox was lying in the grass. "Get up, lazybones," she shouted. "Come along now, we've work to do today." But Tonneur did not get up. He lay there, blinking his eyes at her. She yanked at his rope, and he lurched clumsily to his feet. "Come on!" she called, but he just made one limping step and then stopped.

Dame Perron picked up his left front leg and looked closely at the hoof. "Oh dear, oh dear!" she wailed, "whatever will I do?"

"Oh, oh, I'll be drowned," moaned Dame Perron—  
"Vacotte is going right into the sea"

You've gone and cracked your hoof. Now you can't pull the cart, and we won't be able to bring home our *vraic*.

"Oh dear, oh dear! If only the Wizard were here!" She went back to the house, wringing her hands. Just in front of the door something was lying on the ground, and absent-mindedly she picked it up. It was the thinking-cap!

Dame Perron looked at it. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind," she thought, and put it on. As soon as she did so, a thought popped into her head, and she clapped her hands for joy. "Of course, of course!" she cried happily, and ran to the pasture again.

"Come, Vacotte," she called to the cow, "Brother Tonneur is sick today, and you must pull the cart." She picked up the rope, and the cow followed meekly. Soon they were on their way down to the sea. Vacotte was between the shafts of the two-wheeled cart, and Dame Perron was seated on a box which contained lunch. *Clip-clop, clip-clop*, they went, down the steep hill, with the big wheels creaking and groaning on their axles.

That dreadful Lelanche boy heard them coming, and gave a wicked grin.



He hid in the bushes until they were right alongside him. Then he jumped out into the road. "BOO!" he shouted.

The cow gave a jump, and started off at a hard gallop. The cart came bumping and bouncing after her. That frightened her even more. "Stop! Stop! Whoa!" screamed the Dame. But the cow couldn't hear her for the noise.

Down, down the hill they dashed. *Bumpety-bump, squeal, rattle.* They came to the beach. Dame Perron could see the Wizard and Louis, looking at her with their mouths wide open in astonishment. "Oh, oh, I'll be drowned!" she moaned. "Vacotte is going right into the sea!" *Splash!* They were in!

But before they got to very deep water, Vacotte found that it wasn't easy to gallop through water up to her knees. She slowed down, stopped. Louis and the Wizard waded out into the surf. They turned Vacotte around and led her back to the beach, where they had several nice piles of seaweed all ready to be loaded.

Dame Perron soon got over her fright, and handed the thinking-cap back to the Wizard. He thanked her politely. "You needn't have been in such a hurry to return it," he said slyly.

Soon the cart was creaking up the hill, filled with its dripping load. Louis was driving. The Lelanche boy heard it coming. "More fun!" he thought, and hid in the bushes again. But Louis had a bucket with him which he had filled with

sea water. Just as the boy jumped out to shout "BOO!", Louis picked it up. *Splash!* The icy water drenched the boy to the skin. Then Louis calmly lit his pipe. "Gee-up, Vacotte," he clucked, and the cart moved on.

At noon the tide had come up so high that no one could cut any more seaweed. But by then they had dozens of nice piles on the beach, ready to take home, and four loads in the barnyard. They sat down to lunch. "Tomatoes!" exclaimed the Wizard. "How I love them!"

"Have a slice of ham, and a hardboiled egg," urged Dame Perron.

"Well, well," said Louis when they could eat no more. "Here we have more than enough *vraic* for our fields. We will have several loads to sell. Wizard, you shall have half of the money I get for it."

The Wizard shook his head. "No, no, I have plenty of money. I haven't spent those two silver pennies that you gave me the other night. If you want to do something for me, something that really needs doing . . ." here he hesitated and looked at Dame Perron. . . . "You can wash my thinking-cap. It's getting awfully dirty."

"Why, of course!" cried Dame Perron. "And I'm going to give you a big jar of my 'black butter,' which I make with apples and spices."

"Black butter!" exclaimed the Wizard; "my favorite jam!"

## The Brook

FRANCES FROST

In summer you may shake your head  
at such a stony thirsty bed  
pretending to be brook, and think  
brief rain's the most it has to drink.

But when the snow goes off in Spring,  
it turns into a furious thing,  
falls headlong from the brown hill's knees  
and roars at slow-poke apple trees!

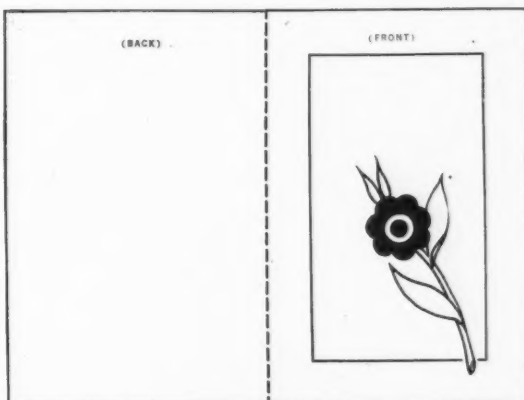


# How You Can Make a Bunny "Pop-up"

Fig. A

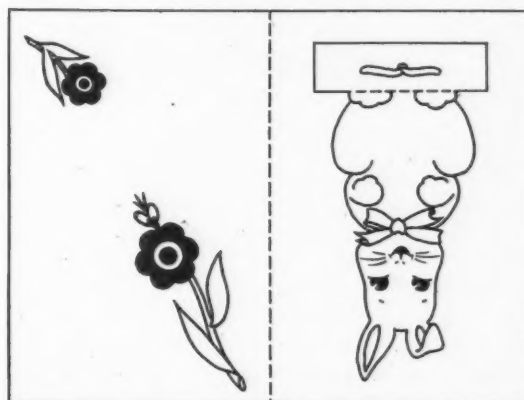


Fig. B



**WHAT YOU NEED:** Yellow, green or purple cardboard, 9" by 17"; cardboard for bunny; rubber band; brad; colored paper for flowers; paste; scissors.

Fig. C



**Look at Fig. B.** 1. Fold cardboard for card in middle. 2. Draw border on right hand half  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from edge. (This is outside of card.) 3. Cut out flowers from construction paper and paste in corner. **Look at Fig. C.** (This is the inside of card.) 1. Make smaller flowers to decorate left side. 2. At lower righthand side of card print or write following verse: "This cottontail has come to say, Happy, happy Easter Day." 3. Paste base of bunny to top of righthand side of card. 4. Insert brad. **Look at Fig. D.** Fold bunny on dotted line making him sit up. **Look at Fig. E.** 1. With scissors, notch bow on either side of bunny's neck. 2. Put rubber band over head. 3. Twist band once and hook under brad. 4. Close card. 5. Turn card right side up. 6. Open and watch bunny pop up.

Fig. D

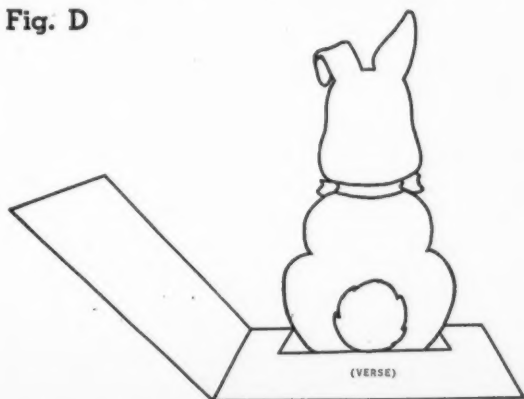
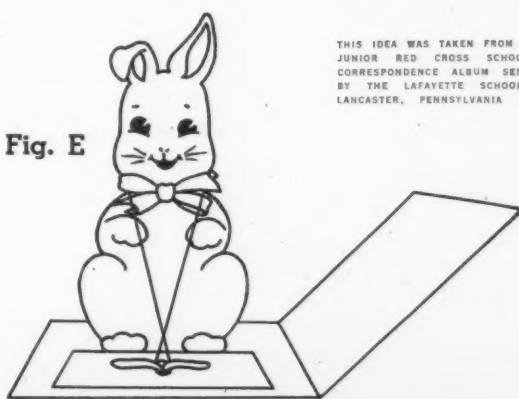


Fig. E



THIS IDEA WAS TAKEN FROM A JUNIOR RED CROSS SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE ALBUM SENT BY THE LAFAYETTE SCHOOL, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

# Bird in the Net

A Russian song for children translated by Antonina Potemkina



DRAWING BY ANTONINA POTEKINA  
ADAPTED BY JO FISHER

Children: in moderate time

Now we have you, Bird-ie dear, Fast with-in our net. We shall keep you, nev-er fear. You shall be our

Bird:

Pet. Why do you have need of me? Darl - ing children say. Please un - tie your net for me, let me fly a-

Last time only-children:

way. Bird-ie, bird-ie, now we see keep - ing you would kill you. You may have your li-ber-ty. Sure - ly God will guard you





# + AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR +



## OUR WORLD

Yes, it is OUR WORLD. All our thinking, planning and doing in the future should be global. There are over 30,000,000 Junior Red Cross members in 47 countries scattered over the globe. We should no longer think solely in terms of our town, our state, or our country. We must think also in terms of our world.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, STUDY THE GLOBE IN YOUR SCHOOLROOM OR LIBRARY.**

## JUNIOR RED CROSS HELP TO GREECE

**THE AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS RECENTLY SHIPPED 20,000 GIFT BOXES TO THE CHILDREN OF GREECE. ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL CHESTS AND 30,000 PACKAGES OF CANDY WERE ALSO RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED THROUGH THE GREEK SCHOOLS.**

**THE PICTURE ON PAGE 159 OF THE NEWS AND THE LETTER ON THE REVERSE OF THIS CALENDAR GIVE TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THESE GIFTS.**

## OUR PEACE

It must be our peace if it is our world. Peace, free from fear and strife, can be maintained only through world understanding. Know our world. Know our people. Know their cultures. Knowledge and peace go hand in hand as do ignorance and war. Through the Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund and programs of International School Correspondence and Gift Boxes you can obtain

in terms of our world.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, STUDY THE GLOBE IN YOUR SCHOOLROOM OR LIBRARY. LOOK UP THE AREA OF THE UNITED STATES IN YOUR GEOGRAPHY. WHAT FRACTION OF THE WORLD'S SURFACE DOES THE UNITED STATES OCCUPY?**

### Accident Prevention

Spring is here and with it come more opportunities for outdoor adventure. You can be adventurous and yet be safe. One of the lessons in *On Guard Against Accidents*, the Red Cross accident prevention course for grades seven through nine, is entitled "Adventure Without Misadventure." If you do not have a Red Cross junior accident prevention course in your school you might ask your sponsor to arrange for one. Now is the time to plan for a safe vacation.

### Easter

Easter is late this year. You still have time to make cards and favors for nearby civilian and veterans' hospitals. Ask your sponsor to find out what is needed so that you can get busy on this project.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, GET READY FOR THAT EASTER EGG HUNT. COLORING THE EGGS AND PAINTING ON THE DESIGNS IS SWELL FUN. TRY TO PAINT SOME EGGS AS COLORFUL AS THOSE PICTURED ON PAGE 152 OF THE APRIL NEWS.**

### Forest Fire Prevention

According to the state and federal forest services the period from March 1 through May 15 is a dangerous time for fires. Our President has presented a program which calls for the construction

1946 APRIL 1946						
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

### Mother's Day

The first Sunday in next month is Mother's Day. We know that in your hearts every day is mother's day but this one day in the year has been designated officially and commercially. Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor if men in nearby hospitals need cards to send to their mothers. Make one for your mother, too. Just remember, however, that although a card is a nice gesture, it will remain just that and nothing more unless you follow it up that day and every other day in the year with kindness, consideration and good behaviour.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, LOOK ON PAGE 167 OF THE NEWS. YOU WILL FIND DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING EASTER BUNNY POP-UPS. MAKE AN EXTRA ONE FOR A SHUT-IN.**

### Community Service

Killing two birds with one stone makes good sense if you do not take the expression literally. You may satisfy two needs through one deed by clearing away the debris from that vacant lot and planting a vegetable garden in the same spot. Your health and the landscape will be improved.

## AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

of 2,700,000 building units in the next two years. A tremendous quantity of lumber will be needed for this construction. Forests must be preserved.

In this month's *News* the story, "The End of a Happy Day," is not only a thrilling story but it also teaches an excellent lesson in fire prevention. Your Junior Red Cross sponsor should be able to tell you what you can do to help prevent forest fires in your community. A survey of existing fire hazards would serve as an interesting beginning for a good fire prevention program.

# A Guide for Teachers

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

## The April News in the Schools

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Czechoslovakian Springtime" (front cover)

Illustrations for the following poems and stories: "Blue Morning" (frontispiece), "Mexican Masquerade," "Easter in Czechoslovakia," "The End of a Happy Day" (nature photographs), "Three Wishes," "Junior, Juniorette," "A Harvest from the Sea," "A Bird in the Net" (back cover)

#### Geography:

Czechoslovakia—"New World, Old World Musician," "Easter in Czechoslovakia"

France—"Three Wishes," "A Harvest from the Sea"

#### Language:

Poetry—"Blue Morning"

Songs—"A Bird in the Net"

#### Nature Study:

"The End of a Happy Day"

#### Units:

Industry—"A Harvest from the Sea"

Conservation of Life and Material—"The End of a Happy Day"

Religion—"Three Wishes"

Folklore—"Easter in Czechoslovakia," "Mexican Masquerade"

### In Braille

Selections included in the braille edition this month are: from the *News* in braille grade 1½, "Three Wishes," "The End of a Happy Day," "Ideas on the March," from the *Journal* in braille grade 2, "Oasis," "Operation 'Firefly,'" "Jungle Landing Field."

### Gift Boxes Received

We are always happy to publish letters telling of the reception of Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes in foreign countries. Giving is so much more gratifying when you learn how enthusiastically the gift is received.

The following letter was received last December from Lois Chapman, Secretary of the American Red Cross Civilian Relief Headquarters in Athens.

"Christmas came early yesterday to some of Athen's orphans when the Junior Red Cross educational gift boxes were distributed. We, two men from the Greek Red Cross, two Greek Red Cross auxiliary nurses, and a representative of the American Red Cross, visited two orphanages. And, I think from the children's expressions as they opened the gifts, that they may have some difficulty in clearly differentiating between Santa Claus and the American Junior Red Cross.

"The first orphanage we went to consisted of seventy-one children, about equally divided between boys and girls, the majority of whom were quite young. They had lost their parents during the war with Italy

and had been taken care of by the government whose assistance lessened as internal conditions became more chaotic. We met the directress, the manager and the one teacher of the orphanage as well as various other officials. The children were playing, barefoot, in the yard when we arrived. They were told to form two circles, boys in one and girls in another, which they did—very obediently and quietly. Then we started giving out the parcels and after the "effheristok" that each child was careful to say, pandemonium broke loose. They sat down on the ground to look at their treasures only tearing themselves away to cheer for us. Some of the older girls sang also, but most of the younger ones were too immersed in their marbles, pencils, crayons, et al. to do more than absent mindedly join in. They were the first presents they had had for a long time.

"The second orphanage we visited was one of the oldest, having been founded by the first queen of Greece after the liberation in 1830, and was exclusively for girls. As we walked in the gates, there were a few girls, in their blue uniform dresses, playing in the yard. By that incredibly fast system of communication that exists in a school they came pouring out from all corners, surging about us. One of the teachers came to restore order, lining them up in double columns more or less according to age and size. The nurses and I went down the lines giving out the boxes. From the babel of voices as they undid them, one would have thought there were two thousand instead of two hundred. With one of those rare strokes of good luck the smallest child of all received a doll in her box. She was enraptured, even though the leg had been broken in shipping. Too shy to say much she exhibited her wonderful possession to her equally young playmates and her teachers, trying at the same time to reattach the leg. Another girl brought up a can of tooth powder which she had not seen before while a third went posing about with a brightly colored hair ribbon.

"After the first excitement, to show their appreciation, they all cheered for the United States and the American Red Cross and broke into the Greek National Anthem followed by the Star Spangled Banner. Some of them then withdrew to the benches around the yard to chatter animatedly and compare their gifts. The remainder, however, divided themselves into two circles and began doing a series of the twirling rhythmic Greek national dances—dances from Crete and Corfu and Macedonia. When it came time to leave they once more started the Greek version of 'Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light.' Even the little child with the doll gathered enough courage to come up and say 'thank you' again. Then in unison and with obvious forethought they called 'goodbye,' not in Greek but in English.

"One of the nurses said that she thought the pictures of American children showed such 'good' faces. These orphans in Greece would have agreed with her."



# Educational Aims of Junior Red Cross

## Educational Objectives

The similarity of the educational objectives of Junior Red Cross and the purposes of education as outlined by the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association is clearly presented in the following article by Sister M. Cletus Blochlinger, C. S. A., Department of Education, Jefferson Junior High School, Hays, Kansas.

This article is taken from a report of an "In-Service Field Problem" presented by Sister Cletus at the Fort Hays Kansas State College.

### The American Junior Red Cross as a Progenitor to School-Community Relationships

"When the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association met in Washington, D. C., in 1938, they proposed a classification of the purposes of education into four groups. Their grouping is considered the most authoritative formulation of the educational objectives in the past two decades. The classification is made under the four headings of self-realization, human relationship, economic efficiency, and civic responsibility.

#### Self-realization

"The phase of 'self-realization' is centered on the personal development, growth, and learning of the individual. It includes his processes of learning, his health, his recreation and his personal philosophy; hence it deals with the development of the individual himself. It is evident that such training is of supreme importance in a democracy. The Junior Red Cross program has been definitely concerned with the development of the learner or self-realization. Through this organization the fundamental tools of learning have been given new incentives. . . .

"Doing something for others has a tonic effect upon youth in general; hence Junior Red Cross work proved to be an asset not only to the average and above average student, but likewise to the retarded and problem child. Students with an intelligence quotient of less than seventy were willing workers, and derived much satisfaction from participating in Junior Red Cross activities. One boy with an I.Q. of sixty-five collected scenic pictures and produced a neat and attractive section in a scrapbook for hospitalized service men. Problem cases became cooperative in rendering service through Red Cross activities. They not only found pleasure in the work but contributed helpful service. Hence we find that helping others may become a corrective or at least an alleviator of bodily and spiritual ills. Several students who were backward and were afflicted with an inferiority complex found their way on the stage by participating in the entertainment which served as a culminating activity for the year's work in Junior Red Cross. They were greatly benefited by being a success in the eyes of the public while taking part in cultured and worth while activity.

#### Human Relationship

"Another area in which education is concerned is that of home and family relationships and the natural extensions to neighbors, community, state, nation, and neighbor nations. Good homes and good communities are invaluable units of a democracy. The activities which train the individual in these person-to-person

contacts are called 'human relationships.' Junior Red Cross members have never had a better chance to work for their aim of bettering human relations than they have today. . . .

"No project has aroused greater interest among American children and none produced better results abroad by way of creating international good will and friendship than the annual gift box project. This was made evident by the thank-you letters that came back to the school after the boxes had been received by the refugee children in other lands. Becoming acquainted with the circumstances of these refugee children has caused our students to have a greater appreciation for their homes and for the country in which they live. . . .

#### Economic Efficiency

"Under the objective of 'economic efficiency' education considers the individual as a producer, a consumer, and an investor. The Junior Red Cross projects are again invaluable in affording such training for the individual. Good workmanship is the criterion in every Red Cross article produced; consequently, the student developed an alertness for well made materials and they experienced the satisfaction that comes with good workmanship. Much information concerning production was gleaned while working at their various projects. They began to realize the need of occupational efficiency; hence the need for personal improvement came about. The salvage campaigns for waste paper and scrap iron brought home a lesson of economic need on a national scope as well as from the individual and community point of view. The Junior Red Cross concentrates the efforts and voluntary contribution of its members, and then distributes these funds or kindnesses, whichever it may be, to others in need. Contributing to the National Children's Fund is a concrete example of this nature.

#### Civic Responsibility

"Finally, education is concerned with the civic and social duties of the citizen. They include his dealings with his local, state, and national governments, as well as the people of other nations. This field of activity is termed 'civic responsibility.' It was the policy of the Junior Red Cross to relate learning and doing. Through their program of activities the students have become aware of the inequality of opportunities which exists among the nations of the world today. By means of their work, they have attempted to correct these unsatisfactory conditions. Their contact with local organizations such as the Parent-Teacher's Association, church societies, hospitals, and Red Cross chapter has created community interests on the part of both students and local organizations. The furnishing of Christmas gifts for poor Mexican children in a neighboring state has served as a valuable lesson in tolerance and social understanding. By accepting these projects and performing them as a civic duty, the Junior Red Cross of Jefferson Junior High School has had an opportunity of cooperating with a world community. This experience will fit these young people for other humanitarian services. It is safe to predict that in future they will be ready to sacrifice time, effort, and earnings for the enrichment of civilization, and that they will practice unswerving loyalty to democratic ideals. . . ."